


The Focus

November-December

1915

State Normal School

Farmville, Virginia



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THE FOCUS

VOL. V FARMVILLE, VA., NOV.-DEC., 1915 NOS. 7-8

November Sunset

Emma White

SCARLET hues,
Clearest blues,
Gold and silver lining,
Purple tints,
Diamond glints,
Fleecy clouds enshrining.

Winds of autumn gently sighing,
Daylight slowly, fading, dying,
Leaves of withered brown are falling,
Birds in chilling chirps are calling.

Overhead
Richest red,
 Heaven's orb of light
Slowly sinks,
As it links
Day and somber night.

The Origin of Thanksgiving

Grace B. Armstrong

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED years ago, at the beginning of American history, that litl handful of brave men, the Pilgrim Fathers, first set foot upon "the stern and rock-bound coast" of New England, at Plymouth. It was on the eleventh day of December, 1620, when William Bradford, Elder William Brewster, Edward Winslow, John Carver, and Miles Standish, with their small band of folloers, stept from their boat onto the spot which was to be the settlement of the first American colony.

Such a dreary, cold, and most miserabl welcome the company receivd! Hunger and cold, insufficient protection, and constant fear of the attacks of wild beasts or prowling savages confronted them. No wonder that sickness and deth at once appeard among them. Forty-six of their number died during that first terribl winter and it is a marvel that any escapd.

Notwithstanding their weakend and destitute condition, the survivors toild and struggld unceasingly without complaint, the hope of better things and of better days buoying them up and strengthening their courage. When the spring of 1621 arrived, with its gentl life-giving breezes, the litl colony, which now numberd about fifty, started bravely on the work they had before them.

In April, the "Mayflower," that vessel which was the only link connecting the Pilgrims with the outside world, set sail for England. The captain offerd free passage to any who wanted to go back, but not one accepted.

During the months that folloed, the clouds of adversity disappear'd for a time and the sunshine of prosperity brought cheer to the harts of the Pilgrim band. A good harvest was gatherd in, and they wer able to make their dwellings secure and comfortabl against the storms of the coming winter, and the health and strength of all wer

renewd. To these simple and devout men and women, as they contrasted their present comfort and prosperity with the destitution, want, suffering, and bereavment of the preceding winter, this was a time of special thanksgiving and they celebrated it accordingly. It is but natural for the harts of men to turn to the Giver of all good gifts for the benefits which they hav receivd.

The very first Thanksgiving seems to hav originated with the Jews, in olden times, who had what was calld the Feast of the Tabernacle—"Thou shalt observe the feast of the Tabernacle seven days after that thou hath gathered in thy corn and thy wine." This was in the Mosaic law and has been copied thru all generations. In England it has been the custom to observe the "Harvest Home Festival." So in the first American Thanksgiving the Pilgrim Fathers, in their observance and remembrance of such a time wer doutless folloing the familiar custom of the land from whence they had come. All Thanksgiving observances ar conducted after the harvesting of crops and in recognition of God's bounty to man, so whether it be a Feast of the Tabernacle, a Harvest Home Festival, or a day set apart by the President of our United States, it is a Thanksgiving, and the origin is so obscure and the act so natural that the real beginning need not be definitely located.

Our American institution, of course, began on Thursday, the first of November, 1621, by proclamation of Governor Bradford. Preparations wer at once commenst. The woods resounded with the crack of rifles; wild turkeys and deer wer brought in; and the women made appetizing feasts for all. Many tempting dishes fild the roughly hewn tables, savory meat stews, dumplings of barley flour, bowls of clam chowder with sea biscuit, roasts of all kinds, broiled fish, cakes, plum puddings, and great baskets containing wild grapes, plums and nuts. Massasoit, himself, King of the Wampanoag Indians, who had provd to be a frendly chief, and ninety of his warriors came as invited guests, bringing with them baskets of oysters as their gifts, the first ever tasted by the white men. The festivities ended with what may be termd a state dinner on the following Saturday.

All work was suspended during these days and feasting and merry-making occupied the attention of all.

Since that time our country has observd and enjoyd an annual Thanksgiving Day, for which we should regard the memory of the men and women of that far off time, who thru their indomitabl curage, their patience, their perseverance, and their unquenchabl faith, hav in large part given us the blessings of a free and favord land.

"What the Dream Did"

Mary E. Morris

A LOUD "bump" sounded thru the room and a very bewildered young lady gradually began to pick herself up from where she lay in a crumpled heap on the floor beside her bed, and gazed around in a dazed fashion. She felt her hands and feet. They were as cold as ice. Still she sat gazing about her as if trying to recall where she was, when suddenly a look of horror came into her eyes, and uttering a piercing shriek, she began rubbing her hands and crying out in broken sentences—

"Oh! I'm *not* dying. I'm *not* freezing! Oh! Oh! somebody tell me I'm not. Don't let me freeze in the snow."

At this point a frightened little French maid came running into the room.

"Mi lady, mi lady! Oh! what is it, mi lady?" she screamed as she rushed to the girl on the floor and began to shake her. The frightened girl looked at her; recognition came into her eyes and she collapsed in the maid's arms.

By this time the house was aroused and Mr. and Mrs. Arrington rushed into their daughter's room demanding the cause for the confusion. The maid had gradually quieted the girl but when she saw her mother and father she burst into a fresh torrent of tears.

"Oh! Mother, it must have been a dream. I know it was, but I should have died had Marie not come and rescued me when she did."

"Now, May, this is absurd. Get in bed and go to sleep. You remember this is Christmas eve, and if you want to be fresh for that dance you're giving tomorrow you had better get some rest. You're just broken down from shopping and going about too much, that's all," was the unsympathetic rejoinder of Mrs. Arrington—"the rich Mrs. Arrington" as she was called in the New York dailies.

Mr. Arrington was of an entirely different type from his wife. He was one of those fat, jolly, likeable men, and a very indulgent father. Taking his daughter in his arms

he said to his wife, "Now, now, mother, let the child explain. She has something on her mind and it's best for her to get it off."

May at once started an excited explanation of her dream.

"You see it's this way, dad. I've always had what I wanted and didn't realize how the poor suffer. Whenever the litl street urchins askt me for pennies I never took any notis of them. I always considerd them a nuisance. Today when I was down town a flower girl begd me to buy one of her posies and I made out that I didn't hear her. I hav been dreaming tonight that I was that litl flower girl, ragged, cold, hungry, turnd out in the sno with no place to sleep. I could make no one buy my flowers and as night came on I went into the park and sat on a bench, rubbing my hands to keep them warm. Around me wer scores of other children in the same fix—children with thin tired faces and big sad eyes. Some of them wer crying, others had lost consciusness. Oh! what a scene it was. I remember it kept getting colder and colder and I began to freeze. I knew I was dying and presently I fel from my bench down into the sno. Then I awoke and found myself here on the floor—but, Oh! That horribl dream! 'Twas all so real that I stil thought I was dying"—and she ended in a shudder.

Her father hugging her up, put her on the bed.

"Now, dauter, all that was was only a bad dream and over now, so go to sleep and dream about that party tomorro."

"No, dad, it's not all over, and I'm not going to hav any dansant. I believ that dream was a warning sent to me on purpose. I've been a thoughtless, light-heded girl, but tomorro I'm going to try to atone a litl; I'm going to make some of those litl street waifs happy for once."

"May Arrington!" exclaimd her hauty mother, "I believ you ar losing your mind. Not hav that dansant! Why, what would people say? You kno there ar social duties that hav to be performd. You havn't entertained for two weeks, and besides there's another reason. No indeed! We'l go right on with that affair tomorro"—and she began to strut around the room in a grand but agitated manner.

The father, as usual, tried to intercede for his daughter.

"Now, wife, you know tomorrow is a day set aside for May's pleasure and I think we should allow her to spend it as she pleases."

"No! If May wants to be foolish I, at least, shan't allow it. We'll have the dance," and she strutted from the room.

May sat looking at her father and he at May.

"Well, daughter, I did the best I could," said he in a resigned manner.

"Yes, I know, dad, but I've got an idea," and she gleefully leaned over and whispered something in his ear.

A smile began to play about the fond parent's mouth, and the girl knew she had won.

"Oh! You'll help me, won't you, dad?"

"Certainly, child, if it will make you happy."

"Marie," called the girl, "what time is it?"

"Eleven, my lady."

"Oh! we've just got time to send in the order before the stores close. Find my paper and pencil, Marie; call up 1282 Broad and order what I write."

The father and daughter put their heads together over the lists with much laughing and chuckling, and the little maid got busy at the phone. Soon all was done and Mr. Arrington bid his daughter good-night. As he went out of the door she called to him—

"Tell mother we'll have the dance"—and she added to herself, "but we'll have it in such a way as to give society something to talk about for a month," and she hid under the cover with a laugh, overcome by the daring spirit of the thing.

May Arrington was the only child of very wealthy parents—a spoiled and petted child. From such she had grown into a very beautiful young lady. At the age of eighteen she was introduced to New York society, and now at nineteen, her second season "out," she was still the belle of the city—a light-headed, frivolous, jolly girl, welcomed at any social function. Never having had a care or sorrow, she did not understand such things, and had no patience with poverty.

Her father had not always been as well off as he was now and he had a very sympathetic nature. His daughter

was the idol of his hart and anything she chose to do was always right to him.

Mrs. Arrington was one of those ambitius mothers, whose chief purpose is to get her dauter married to some personage who would ad either a very old name or more welth to the family. In society she tried to cut from her acquaintances those whose wer the least bit lacking in these last named qualities. As I hav said before, she was cald "the rich Mrs. Arrington"—a h a u t y, commanding woman.

May had never thought of marriage seriously. She was too much of a butterfly to want to tie herself down to one man, but her mother had imprest the fact on her so much lately that she had at last decided to make her choice, as it seemd the thing to do. She really did not love any man of her acquaintance, so one day she made a list of all her suitors and sat down to look it over. One by one she scratcht the names off until there wer only three left who seemd to be eligibl at all.

First, there was Ferdinand Ballington, with a very old name, and that was all. Of money he had none; brains, stil less; just one of those superfluous quantities in society with a monocle in his eye. May had kept his name on the list because she knew that in case she married him she would be the mistress and he would not hav sense enuf to interfere with her affairs.

Then there was Jerry Hammond, a very welthly yung man; one whose name was alredy being clast among the "wolves and bears" of Wall Street. Everyone liked Jerry for he laft his way into their harts somehow or other. May had almost decided two or three times to accept him. She really thought she liked him better than any of the rest. Then she found out she loved him, but it was the love of a sister for a big brother.

Last on the list came Jack Darrow. She really did not kno why she had not scratcht off Jack's name. There was no particular reason for leaving it there. It was not so awfully old—really no older than her own. He was neither rich nor poor—just one of those aimless fellos with the ability to become what he wisht, but nothing to shove

him to it. He had studied law, dabld at art a litl, and had a smattering of many other things. Jack, too, was a man that every one liked and was glad to hav around, for he could be jolly or sympathatic as the occasion demanded. May had always liked him and her father was more partial to him than to any of the rest of her suitors. Mrs. Arrington wisht him eliminated from the list. He did not hav the requirements she wisht for to be her dauter's husband, but the dauter was stubborn and would not listen to her.

May had put off giving her anwser to these men as long as possibl, but she knew that she had to giv it some time, so she and her mother pland the dansant for Christmas evening at which she had determind to make her choice and end their suspense. Her arrangement for informing them was to be very novel. She appointed each of them a place to be at exactly one minute past ten. Jerry was to wait in the bay windo of the library, Ferdinand in the alcove under the front stairs, and Jack by the poinsettia in the conservatory. Each was to wait in his place exactly five minutes and if she had not come to him in that time he would kno that he was rejected, but if she did come he would understand that her answer was "Yes." And so we come back to the night before the party—Christmas eve, when May had her frightful dream.

Christmas morning she bouncd out of bed very early and drest for the street. As soon after brekfast as possibl she slipt off down town by herself to arrange a few secret things with her baker. Just as she came from his door she almost ran into Ferdy Ballington.

"Oh! How awfully jolly, don't you kno," he exclaimd as he shook the tips of her fingers.

"Yes, I'm glad I met you, Ferdy; don't you want to do me a favor?"

"Certainly, certainly," using his most pompus manner.

"Wel, then, come on and go slumming with me. I've got something I want to giv a few of those litl waifs."

"What's the jolly joke, May?" he said in his usual bored drawl.

"No joke at all—I'm serius this time, Ferdy."

He pickt up his monocle, stuck it in his eye, and gave her a broad stare; then took out his watch and exclaimd—

“Why, I almost forgot that engagement at the club! Awfully sorry; don’t you kno. But, May,” he lowerd his voice, “I’l expect you in the alcove tonight, don’t you kno”—and he hurried away leaving the girl standing there.

“You old goose! I’m not so sure you’r going to see me in the alcove, *don’t you know*,” she mockt, sticking her tongue out at his retreating form.

She turnd and started home. After going several blocks some one haild her from acros the street and Jerry ran acros to her.

“What ar you doing out so early?” he exclaimd in his good-natured way.

“Trying to catch up with you, maybe,” she taunted.

“Wel, here I am. You’v caught me certainly, and I’m your obedient servant—” and he made a lo bow.

“Listen, Jerry, I want you to go with me down toward the East Side. I’m going to do a litl charity for some waifs down there.”

“Now, now, May, you’l be all right soon. Come on, there’s a doctor’s office right around the corner here, and he might giv you something to reliev you at once.”

“Jerry, I’m not joking—I’m serius this morning. Ar you going with me or not?”

“Sure! I wouldn’t mis the fun for anything. Won’t it be a hedliner for the papers tho? ‘The Butterfly of Society turns to Charity Work—Miss Arrington—etc.—etc.’—Ha! Ha! This is the best ever. Come on, let’s start at once.”

“No, Jerry, you’r not going with me. Looking at it in the way you do you would only spoil everything, so good-by”—and she ran off leaving him staring after her.

She had decided to go on home and hav her father go with her in the machine, when as fate would hav it she saw her other suitor, Jack Darrow, coming toward her, and she decided to hav a try at him. He came up hat in hand, his good-looking face lit up in smiles.

“Merry Christmas, Miss May Arrington. And how ar you this morning?” he said, cordially shaking her hands.

"Why I'm just as fine as the morning, Jack, and off on a litl errand. Don't you want to go, too?"

"Certainly, I'd be delited if you wil let me. I was on my way to keep an engagement for a few games of cards, but who wouldn't break a litl thing like that to go walking with a girl like you?"

"Oh, Jack! You'r such a flatterer, but maybe you won't want to go when you find out what I'm up to. I want to make some of the litl street waifs happy this Christmas, so I'm going down to the slums."

"Good enuf!" he exclaimd. "All the more reason I want to go. Don't you kno, May, I'v always had a tender spot in my hart for those litl children. I like to talk to them. Hav you ever thought that they ar just as human as we ar? If you want to find out just begin to talk to one. Really, May, I'm awfully glad you'r going to let me go, too."

Having at last found one that was in sympathy with her new feeling she began at once to explain her plan to him.

"Shake hands, May, you'r a corker. Who would hav dared it but you," he exclaimd as she finisht.

They went laffing and talking down the street like two happy children. Every now and then they haild some sad litl urchin and May presented him with a card containing her name and addres, and giving a few explanations, would pass on to the next.

We must now leav them and skip to Christmas night. The big house on Chalmers street was decorated and lit up from bottom to top. May had just finisht dresing and gone down to receiv her guests, who began to arriv at nine o'clock. "The Three," as she now termd her suitors, were among the first to come and she bestowd on each the same gracios smile.

Dancing began at nine-thirty, and when the second dance was about half finisht there arose on the air such a din and noise as some of those people had never herd before. Then what should appear from the direction of the back hall but an unbroken line of waifs—all sizes, shapes, conditions, and kinds—about thirty in all. Each was provided with some noisy toy—drums, horns, rattles, etc.—and their bold

litl leader took them right into the midst of the select crowd. Such jumping around as those ladies did in trying to keep their finery from coming in contact with the motley crowd. May happend to glance at Jack, who was standing near, and saw him ramming his handkerchief into his mouth, so she gave him a push that sent him behind a palm where he would not disgrace himself. After a while she lookt acros the room and there stood Ferdinand with his monocle jamd into his eye and his mouth hanging wide open. This was more than she could stand so she joined Jack behind the palm. The litl urchins did their best to entertain the crowd, but one by one the guests made excuses and began to depart. Just as the clock struck ten May saw Ferdinand "come to" and make a dive toward the alcove. At the same time, with two or three of the children clinging to her skirts, she started in the direction of the conservatory, where she found Jack, sitting by the poinsettia, and when he saw her coming toward him he ran and gatherd one of the children in his arms, dancing around and giving vent to his joy on the defenceless litl creature. Soon he caut May's eye and they both sat down on the bench and began to laf, with the children crawling over them. Suddenly May gru grave and leaning over whisperd in Jack's ear—

"Listen, Jack, I think I ought to tel you that I never loved you the least bit until this morning. It was down in the slums that I first knew." She lowerd her eyes to her lap and continu'd—"But now—wel—I just love you," and she jumpt to her feet and ran gayly off calling:

"Come on, Jack, you remember it falls to us to giv these children the best time they ever had, tonight."

"Mountains"*Ava Marshall*

AT EVENING when I go to bed,
Close to the windo I lay my hed;
And in the stil and quiet night
I gaze upon a wondrus sight.

Acros the woodlands, dim and far,
Beneath the clear, bright evening star,
In great, dark waves the mountains stand,
The work of God's all-powerful hand.

And when at morning I arise,
Against the cold, gray morning skies,
I see them stil, in grand array,
As they hav stood since that first day.

A Commercialized Christmas

Juliette G. Mayo.

THOUGHTS OF CHRISTMAS fild Betty's mind as she stood gazing idly from the windo. It was not often lately that she engaged in the luxury of being idle, for with the "litl mother" convalescent after a severe case of fever, and her father completely absorbd in his latest invention, Betty found herself serving in almost every capacity, from chief cook to master of finance. And as she sometimes remarkt in her quizzical way: "Just because our resources ar rather slight at present, doesn't make the task of handling them any easier."

Thus it was, that, altho Christmas was yet nearly six weeks distant, the question of providing ways and means for the approaching festivity was alredy beginning to puzzle her, while a plezant anticipation of the coming holidays divided her thoughts.

Soon all of the old crowd who wer away at scool or at work in the neighboring cities, would be at home again. Then would come joyus excursions into the very depths of the wood beyond in serch of evergreens for decorating.

As Betty stood thus, her mind plezantly fild with anticipation, suddenly her rather plain face lighted up with a smile and she gav a lo whistle. "I have it!" she breathd. "The very thing. How did I ever think of such a gorgeus plan? I've spent nearly an hour gazing into the woods, and I don't believ they'v been wasted, for the woods shal solve my problem."

"What ar you mooning about, sis?" askt her brother Phil, as he enterd the room, slamming doors behind him with all of the noise caracteristic of a sixteen-year-old youth.

They wer very close together, these two, and tho Betty was two years his senior, it was only to each other that the

brother and sister confided many of their ideals and ambitions.

"Do you realize that Christmas is less than six weeks off, Phil?" began Betty as she and her brother seated themselves to enjoy one of their confidential chats.

"I kno it, Betts, and with mother stil so pale and tired-looking after that fever, and father stil so worried over mother and disappointed because the cotton faild and he can't go on with the invention, I do wish we could plan a really cheerful Christmas to brighten things up," anserd the brother impulsivly.

"I think so, too, and if you'l agree I think I'v got a fine scheme. It all came about while I was gazing into the woods just now. I love 'Idleon' so much. Don't you wish father cared for the country more?" she aded irrelevantly.

"Indeed I do, Betts!" responded Phil with feeling. "He told me once that it is only because he promist to keep it in the family, and because we ar all so wel satisfied, that he doesn't sel the place. He contends that there's nothing in farming."

"No, he doesn't love the soil, nor does he realize its possibilities," replied Betty sorrowfully. "I believ that it is truer of farmers than of poets that they 'are born and not made.' But," she said, brightening, "when you graduate from the agricultural college, and lern how to be a real farmer, Phil, we'l prove that perhaps it's better not to scorn the ten-cent pieces that we kno lie right in our garden even for beginners. I don't believ in keeping the eyes always fixt on some shining spot on a distant hil, that looks like gold but when we reach it turns out to be a piece of tin."

"Yes," assented Phil, redily applying his sister's philosophy, "father's explaind enuf of his inventions to me that even I can see that they ar wonderful. The trouble is there's always a missing link."

"He's found the thing that's been puzzling him so long on the last one, and if he could only afford to finish it before some one gets ahed of him I believe it would be a sure thing."

"I kno it, Phil, and I'm so glad. Now let's come to the point. I saw in last week's papers quotations from the New York markets on holly reaths. Now, my scheme is this: You kno that we hav the loveliest holly in the county in our woods, and we always love to make reaths for ourselves and the children at the hospital. What do you think of our shipping some to New York? If we ar careful it would never hurt the trees, and they offer fine prices. It would help out matters so much here at home if we could bring in a litl money. Then, at least, father wouldn't hav to touch the 'invention fund' to supply Christmas extras."

"Whew! litl sister!" ejaculated Phil, as Betty paused for the approval she felt ought to be forthcoming.

"Why don't you take a fello's breth away? It's scrumptious, sis, but you make me feel like a quitter to be plugging along while you plan such wonderful things."

"But, Phil, dear, I couldn't carry them out without your help," argud the sister, "and besides, I hav litl to do but think, while you ar always working marvelous improvements about the place, with your new theories on scientific farming."

"Nix on the praise, Betts, but you can count on me for any help you want, and believ that I'm mighty proud of my litl sister," replied Phil manfully. "But," he aded as an afterthought, "wil the folks approve, do you think?"

"I've considerd that," answerd the girl serenely, "and as long a you approve, I don't think I'll trubl them. If the plan succeeds, and I see no reason why it shouldn't, it wil be a nice surprize for them, and if we fail they won't need to be disappointed. It must be all right, Phil, and I kno wel enuf what they both would say. Father has been disappointed so many times in his plans to make something, that he would only thro cold water on our enthusiasm. He'd tel us that it would be a waste of time, and that our beautiful reaths would only be a drug on the market."

"Mother's sensitive nature would shrink at the thought of her cherisht namesake venturing into a commercial enterprise of any kind, and even if she wer to consent to that under ordinary circumstances, she would very likely

rebel at the thought of associating anything of the sort with Christmas."

"That is very sound argument, Betts, but what wil you say to account for the extra number of reaths?" queried the brother.

"I'v thought that all out too, and to satisfy mother's curiosity, as wel as to ease my own conscience, I want to send an extra number to the hospitals this year."

"Good! I'm keen to begin on this contract, sis. I'l get the holly any time you say," offerd Phil.

"Yes," responded Betty with a smile, warmd by her brother's enthusiasm. "We'd better begin right away, so we can get our reaths on the market at the best time. When any of the crowd come in we'l let them come into the kitchen and help. Mother and litl Bob always like to help with the reaths, too."

"All right. Count on me for the holly," said Phil, as he reacht for his cap. "And, Betts," he said, making for the door, "if you hav some of your famus popcorn balls, and a plate of fudge for opening night, I'l garantee a crowd."

* * * * *

All was redy, and the pretty reaths piled high in a cool corner of the barn did truly present a Christmasy appearance. To look at the rich deep green of their waxy leaves, from under which peept clusters of crimson berries, should hav brought joy to any one. But Betty's hart almost faild her as litl Bob past her the reaths and she packt them carefully and compactly in barrels, redy for Phil to secure the tops and drive to the station with them on the morro.

"Somehow it seems all rong to be seling Christmas, this way," she mused. "Even if we ar sending more than usual to the hospitals this year, I don't feel satisfied."

Suddenly her eyes sparkld and her love of the romantic reassured her. "I hav it," she said aloud—apropos of nothing it seemd to litl Bob, who for several minutes had held a reath toward her, and was stil waiting for her to receiv it.

"I'l rite a real cheery Christmas letter and put it on one of my prettiest reaths. Maybe I'l explain all about why

I'm doing this, too," she said, half aloud. "Perhaps I can send cheer to some one who is lonely and who hasn't the nicest mother and daddy and the dearest brothers in the world to help him enjoy Christmas."

So saying she dashed to the house and was soon lost in the task of composing the note that was to clear her from being thought mercenary, and that would, perchance, bring joy to the heart of some lonely Northerner. As she enthusiastically penned the note, Betty wondered if she would ever go to far-away New York, and see the wonderful things that had filled so much of her mother's girlhood life.

Next day saw the holly leaves well started towards their destinations. Half were to go only as far as Atlanta, where they would be divided between two of the children's hospitals. The others were directed to a New York market whose quotations, as published on the previous day, had seemed particularly generous.

Now, Betty found herself busier than ever, as she engaged herself in the making of presents for the family tree, and for each of her friends who were even now beginning to return to their homes for the holidays. Gay remnants and dainty ribbons and laces, that had been carefully hoarded during the year, now began to take definite shape, and Betty's fingers fairly flew as she fashioned the dainty gifts. So contagious was the Christmas spirit about "Idleon" that Mrs. Bruce lost much of the languor that had been hers during her tedious convalescence, and became more like her old self than she had been for months.

A few days before Christmas Betty received a thin blue envelope with a New York post-mark and her joy knew no bounds. It was, as she had hoped, from the commission merchant who had handled her holly, and the returns were even more than she had dared dream of. Now she could get the things that she had coveted for her mother's comfort. Daddy and the boys would find something especially nice on the tree, too, after their generous help on the leaves, thought Betty unselfishly.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. Chimes rang out cheerily from a nearby church, and in the street below choir boys chanted

lustily: "Peace on earth; good will toward men." Everywhere the spirit of Christmas prevailed. Douglas Gregory had just returned to his luxurious apartments after a fruitless attempt to get away from it all. At the club, almost deserted, had been a queer looking foreigner, who played on an old violin and sang of the Christ child. The brilliantly decorated club, which had been the scene of many a gay revel, had seemed an inappropriate setting for this musician, but the men who remained had listened with hushed voices to his lays.

Leaving the club, Gregory had impatiently directed his chauffeur to "Drive! Anywhere!" It was but natural that the man, feeling perfectly in tune with the spirit of Christmas, should have chosen to drive slowly through the shopping district, where signs of the coming holiday were most evident. But the drive had not satisfied Gregory, and though it was yet early he had returned to his apartments in no cheerful frame of mind.

"Why is it that I can't get over this foolishness?" he chided himself.

"Christmas time always brings so many recollections of Beth. There have been times when I've felt that I'd give almost anything if I could see my little sister once more. Maybe I was wrong to be so unrelenting when she used to write, and now I've lost track of her completely."

Pacing restlessly up and down, his mind was filled with thoughts of the only sister, who years before had created quite a sensation in her circle by marrying a man from Georgia, who, except for an old colonial estate which he had inherited and a brain full of ideas which never seemed to materialize, had had little else. As he thought of the sister from whom he had not heard for years he became strangely softened. All at once his eyes chanced to fall on the wreaths at the windows, with which his man, Hastings, had thoughtfully decorated the somber apartment, and so moved was he from his usual indifference that he approached a wreath which seemed especially beautiful to examine it more closely. After lifting the wreath and gazing at it absently for a moment, he dropped it against the pane. As the wreath swung from the ribbon on which it was suspended,

a tiny note was dislodged and fell to the floor. "Hum! what have we here?" thought Gregory, as he picked it up. "Some plea for help I'll wager."

Then, as he read the note, curiosity, astonishment and unbelief flitted in quick succession over his stern features, giving place to a look of incredible joy.

"Idleon.

"Dear Stranger:

"I hope that you are having the nicest, merriest Christmas of your whole life, and that you have lots of nice people to help you enjoy it. If you are lonely, I hope you will find something in this note to cheer you.

"It doesn't seem right to sell anything as Christmasy as holly, but we have had a few hardships ourselves this year, and thought it would be nice to help out matters here at home.

"Anyway the reaths are woven with thoughts of love and peace and good will to all, and we hope, dear stranger, that they have brought their message to you.

"Some time I hope to visit New York, for it was once my mother's home and I love it just for that. —

"With best wishes, again, to you for the merriest, cheeriest Christmas, I am

"Sincerely,

"E. G. B."

"The estate was called 'Idleon,' and these are my sister's initials. It's my sister's child, without a doubt," exclaimed Gregory excitedly.

"After all these years," he thought more composedly as he reread the note. "Beth and Bruce have a right to be bitter, but I'll look into matters at once and if they won't forgive me I'll find some way to play fairy god-father. I can't make up for all these years, but, God helping me, I'll try."

"Peace on earth, good will to men," chanted the choir boys.

"Good will to men," repeated Gregory softly,

The Gift and the Giver

Ellen Goodwin

THE WHEELD CHAIR was fretfully twitcht around from facing the windo and rold across the room until it stood opposite the miniature fireplace in which gloed a fire of coals. The slender litl person in the chair tost about pettishly among the pillos, lookt at the clock, and wearily yawnd. This was unpardonabl! She had been left alone one solid hour! A visit from her mother was not to be expected, for when one's mother is a social worker one sees her very seldom. Besides, had not her mother taken a hole hour from her Christmas shopping that morning to help her decide which of the lovely presents should be sent to her litl frends to-morro—Christmas day? Yes; there wer the presents, deckt in delicate paper, red seals, and ribbon, and stackt on the table. But of what interest was that? They wer all tied and directed. Polly, the maid, had done that. Tomorro she would receiv a pile similar to this, and it was somewhat interesting to find out what each would contain.

She did not see any use in all this commotion about Christmas. Her weak litl body always sufferd afterwards from fatigue, and every one was too busy to pay her the usual amount of attention. And now this season it was worse than ever, for her indispensabl governess had gone home, broken down in helth, and she had absolutely no one to whom she could turn for amusement. She had been trying to amuse herself watching the happy stream of peple on the street belo as they hustld along beneath her windo. All wer laden with packages, and expectancy shone on their faces as if they knew something plezant was awaiting them at home. She wonderd if they did really enjoy Christmas. She had tired of trying to solve the problem of why every one wants to giv presents and make such a big stir at this season, and, besides, being but six years old, there was resentment in her hart that those peple in the street should be able to look so happy while she was so lonely. It was

this thought which caused her to turn from the window to the fire.

An open fire was but a small touch of the extravagance in that room, for everything necessary for a child's comfort was there. The cozy glow of the fire afforded a more cheerful aspect to the room of the invalid, and she now turned to it for amusement.

Why didn't some one come in? She had been promised her new governess today, but her mother had said that the only person she could get was a poor girl from the country. The little girl had no fancy for those miserable-looking humans that had been pointed out to her as "poor people" so she looked forward with very slight degree of pleasure to the coming of the new governess. This was the best her mother had been able to do at such a busy season of the year. Exhausted by her fretful thoughts the child fell asleep in her wheeled chair by the fire.

It seemed to her she had been asleep for hours when at last she awoke. The street sounds were muffled now as if by snow and it was twilight. The only light in her room was that which shone from the fireplace. Did they intend to leave her alone in the dark all night? Tossing about among her pillows with irritation, she found at her elbow a young woman, sewing in the fire light as if she had always been at home there. On seeing the little girl awake the young woman came to her.

"Are you my new governess?" asked the child, gazing up into the sweet gray eyes.

"Yes, and I guess the first thing for us to do is to learn each other's name. You may call me Clara."

"Mine is Azell," said the girlie just a trifle coolly.

However, Clara soon made Azell feel acquainted and the invalid was beginning to think she had been mistaken about all poor people not being nice. It was after tea, while they were sitting before the fire again, that she had her first feeling of resentment toward her governess.

"What is that you keep sewing on?" she inquired after watching the busy fingers fly for some time.

"This? Why this is a dressing sacque for mother's Christmas present," said Clara, holding it up for her to see.

Azell lookt at the happy face rather than at the present. In a few minutes she askt, "Why don't you buy one insted of using all this time to make one?"

Even this country girl had the Christmas happiness which the yunger one lackt. Azell had counted on having at least this one person devote all her attention to no one but Azell. "You could buy a much prettier sacque and save all this time," she aded knoingly.

"Oh, but you see when you make a Christmas gift with your own hands it has love sticht all up and down the seams while a bought present carries only the love you can stick on the package," said Clara.

Azell was evidently imprest. She ponderd awhile, then startld Clara by saying, "I don't like Christmas much. What is the use of giving everybody else a present and getting one from them? Why do you want to send your love to your mother in that dresing sacque? She knos you love her, doesn't she? Why *do* peple give each other presents, Clara?"

"Wait til you ar in bed and I'l tel you a story," said Clara, putting down her sewing.

Sitting close to the bed in the light of the fire Clara told the poor litl weak-bodied child the story of the world's first Great Christmas Present, while the fire purrd softly in rythm with the sno fluttering against the windopanes. Azell's eyes wer like stars when she finisht.

"I think I shal like Christmas better tomorro," she murmurd sleepily, as she kist Clara good-night, "and you ar my bestest Christmas present."

When He Smiled

George Bailey, '14.

A MYSTERIUS calm all the night long
Had enlopt the sparkling sky,
But suddenly a light pierct the dark night,
'Twas the Eastern Star so high:
For lo! the Christ was born!

The stilness grave of that night so brave
Was broken by an angel's song,
And gladly it sang till the whole world rang,
"Peace on Earth, thru the ages long:"
For lo! the Christ was born!

And then there came with gifts the same,
Wise men from countries old,
But soon they went on their glad way bent
And a wonderful story told:
For lo! the Chirst child smiled!

As Mary gazed at that sight, half dazed,
With strangers all around,
Her hart beat high, for never a sigh
Should come, but joy abound:
For lo! the Christ child smiled!

And with that smile the Christ did beguile
The wise men from afar,
The world he's luld to a peace unduld
By the years that roll past that star:
For lo! the Christ child smiled!

Oft times when the day seems dark in some way
And the sun no longer you see,
There's a memory small, that seems to call,
"Remember, if weary ye be,
Lo! the Christ child smiled!"

A Christmas Carryl

Mary F. Putney, '14

A SONORUS snore arose from the depths of the covers as one, two, three pilloes sailed thru the air and landed on the hed of the bed's only occupant. Carryl, however, did not budge, and nothing save the snore, folloed by an almost imperceptibl groan, assured the assailants that their culprit was at all aware of their presence.

"So that's the part you intend to play, is it, yung lady?" Maryson questiond gayly. "Wel, we'l see about that! Iris, raise that windo! Jennie, you take the broom and raise a dust! Emily, raise the bed-covers! We'l all raise a racket, and maybe we'l succeed in raising that good-for-nothing yungster from her morning nap!"

Immediately the room was in a turmoil, as the invading girls attempted to carry out the commands of their leader. Scarcely had they begun, however, when a peal of merry lafter arose from their victim, as she emerged throing pilloes in all directions.

"I'd like to see anybody sleep with Maryson around, screaming out her awful puns. I can stand anything but that!" she exclaimd in what she intended to be a very rathful tone.

"Did I make a pun?" was the innocent rejoinder.

"No; you didn't, but you tried hard enuf! Wil you never stop it? How many times must I tel you they ar thoroly inelegant?"

"Carryl, anybody would think you'r the English teacher. However, that's all right if you'l only get up from there and dres. Don't you kno you havn't been to brekfast on time since the holidays began? A nice way to spend the Christmas, isn't it?" Maryson queried sarcastically.

"Wel, Mrs. Woodrowe said we needn't come to meals unless we chose, so I decided to take a rest to make up for the regularity with which I always attend when she requires it. Do you see?"

"No, I don't see! But I do see that we'r mising a lot of fun. Just think, we all agreed to be out on the lake at eight o'clock and it's now nearly nine. You'r the cause of it, Carryl Este, and you'l be sorry when you get out there and find that the others hav left us!"

"That's it! Keep on fusing!" Carryl responded, trying to assume an offended air. "If that's the way you ar going to talk I don't think I'l go at all."

"Oh, hurry up and dres! You kno we wer only joking. There's a dear," some one exclaimd soothingly.

Soon they wer redy, five lively girls rapt up warmly and with their skates thrown across their shoulders. Indeed they made an attractiv picture as they marcht in singl file down the narro beaten path toward the lake. More than one person in the litl village of Borden smiled at the sight. Even old black Milly grind appreciatively and remarkt to Cassy, the maid, with whom she had just been exchanging gossip, "Dem gals sho' is good-lookin' critters. Jist look at 'em, now! But, Lordy, 'tain't no gal in dis instute like Miss Carryl. Dat's her wid de red sweater on. See her? Dar she go, swingin' dem shinin' skeeters o' hern and kickin' de sno wos'n a sno bird."

There was an exciting race to the boat-house to see who would be the first on the lake. They found their frends waiting impatient to carry out their plan of skating to the next village to spend the day with Margaret Dawson, who was to bring them home in the sleigh that night.

The wind was just right, and in a trice they wer off, a jolly crowd skimming along the frozen surface of Lake Warsaw! At first they kept together, but gradually Carryl lagd behind. Will Archer, who notist it, wonderd how it happend that Carryl, who always led the race, should be the last of the party today. He lingerd, too, hoping that she would quicken her pace and join the crowd again. But she did not. Her strokes grew sloer and sloer until she had almost stopt.

"Wel, Miss Este," Will cald in a playful tone, "what's the matter with you? Frozen?"

"No, not quite," was all the response he got then. But a litl later she aded, "You'd better hurry or the others wil leav you. They'r almost out of sight now."

"But, arn't you going, too?" he askt anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I'l be along after a while. Tel Margaret I'm coming."

"All right, just as you say—but I hate to leav you."

"Oh, don't mind me! I'm all right. I just hav a lapse of energy."

So Will, seeing that she really wisht to be alone, skated reluctantly away. As soon as he was out of sight, Carryl made for the shore and sat down.

"Yes, that's just it," she said to herself, "a lapse of energy. Carryl Este, weren't you ashamd of yourself? To think you'd let your feelings get the best of you like that! I'm surprized! But how can I help it when it's Christmas time and I'm over here at a horrid old boarding scool with dad off in mid-ocean somewhere and not a singl relativ nearer than England? I know everybody has tried to be nice to me, and they really hav been lovely, but it's not like being at home, even if that home is in a heathen land. It's awful, I say! Awful."

And with that the blue eyes fild with tears, the curly hed went down, and the narro shoulders shook with the sobs which had been redy to burst ever since she receivd her father's telegram the week before.

Mr. Este was an Englishman and a missionary to China. Wishing his seventeen-year-old dauter to receiv an American education like her mother's, he had sent her to his wife's birthplace to scool while he went back to his post in Hong Kong, leaving behind the promise to return to America in time to spend the Christmas holidays with his only child. Just a litl more than a week before Christmas day, however, Carryl had receivd a cable message from her father saying that his ship had stopt at Liverpool for repairs and would be several days late in reaching New York. When Mrs. Woodrowe, the matron at Borden Institute, deliverd the message, Carryl had set her teeth and had kept them set until now. But now, when she found herself

alone for the first time since the holidays began, she gave herself up to her loneliness and wept unrestrainedly.

At last she herd a distant stroke on the ice, and looking up she saw a boy skating rapidly along near the shore. He had almost past her when he caught sight of the lonely little figure on the bank. He hastened toward her and exclaimed earnestly, "Would it bother you very much to go to that cottage yonder and stay with my sister until I return? She is alone and ill and I must get a doctor at once!"

"I will be glad to do it!" Carryl responded quickly, forgetting her own unhappiness in finding some one else in trouble.

She hastened to the little brown-roofed cottage which the boy had pointed out. In a poorly furnished bed-room she found a girl of her own age, tossing with fever. She did what she could to make her comfortable and then sat down by the bedside. The light, made dazzling by reflection on the snow, streamed in through the blindless windows, revealing a wan face on the pillow, surrounded by a mass of thick black hair. Carryl looked long and searchingly into that face and presently recognized in the girl before her one of the Borden students. Yes, that was the one! She remembered now having seen her often in the crowd that thronged the hall at the Institute, but she had never noticed her except to make some remark about the sad expression in the hazel eyes. She did not even know her name, but seeing a copy of Virgil lying on the rude table near, she opened it and read, "Alice Travers."

What? Travers? Yes, there it was, written in a neat little hand which Carryl knew instinctively belonged to the suffering girl before her. Well, what of it? It really was not anything wonderful that Travers happened to be her own middle name. But the more she thought of it, the more it puzzled her. Carryl Travers had been her mother's name, but Carryl knew of nobody else by that name now that her mother was dead and her only Travers uncle had gone to Alaska and never returned.

In the midst of her reverie she heard footsteps on the porch, and the doctor hurried in, followed by the boy. The

old physician went to work with his patient while his companion opened the door into the next room and motioned to Carryl to follow. As soon as the door closed behind her, he exclaimed, "Oh, do you suppose he can cure her? She's been sick since Thanksgiving and wouldn't consent for me to get a doctor. She said it was only a cold, but this morning when she hardly spoke to me I knew it was serious and went for a doctor. If she has pneumonia I don't know what I'll do. Mother's dead and father's many miles away. We have nobody but just each other. If she dies it will kill me!"

By this time he had become frantic and it was all that Carryl could do to quiet him, but at last she succeeded in making him forget his anxiety long enough to tell her that his name was Tom Travers and that since his father left he had worked in the mill in order to support his sister.

When the doctor finished his examination, he told Carryl exactly how to care for the sick girl and promised to deliver to Mrs. Woodrowe the note which Carryl wrote telling where she was and requesting the kind-hearted matron to send some suitable food for the sick girl. The kind old physician smiled at Tom's anxious inquiries and declared that the case was not so bad as it seemed, for pneumonia had not set in as yet, though it would doubtless develop unless the girl had the proper attention.

Carryl stayed until dark, and was so much pleased with Tom and his gentle sister that she came daily afterwards, even after the doctor sent a nurse to care for Alice. Under the combined care of Carryl, Tom, the nurse, and the doctor, the girl grew gradually stronger, and in a few days was able to talk to them and to enjoy the bright stories which Carryl read to her. The two girls liked each other from the first and whenever Carryl's sunny head was thrust in at the bedroom door the face of the little invalid would brighten up and a contented smile flush her cheeks.

On Christmas morning Carryl rose early and after a hasty toilet was just about to seize her skates and rush off toward the little cottage a mile away when she was surrounded by a bevy of four laughing girls and four happy voices exclaimed, "No, you're not going a step!"

"We've got ahd of you this time, litl truant," Maryson aded. "You hav been away all the holidays and we havn't seen you at all, but today you'r going to stay right here with us. Do you hear?"

Carryl herd but didn't heed. She finisht pinning on her tam-o-shanter, put on her gloves, and then said, "I'm sorry, girls, but I've promist to be at the cottage when Alice awakes. I'l tel you what let's do! You all run and get your raps and we'l all go!"

They coaxt and coaxt, but Carryl was determind to go. When they found that words wer useless they ran for their raps and wer soon at the brown door clamoring for admission.

Oh, the fun they had! There wer so many jolly games to play and so many other things to do that before they realizd it, it was dinner time. They moved the table into Alice's room so that she wouldn't hav to mis any of the fun. Alice's dinner was placed on a stand close to the new morris chair, for which Carryl had spent all her Christmas money, even that which she had laid aside for her father's present. The meal was hardly begun, however, when a nock was herd at the door. Carryl and Tom ran into the hall and in a moment the girls herd them both exclaim, "Dad!"

Before they realized what was happening two tall men wer usherd into the room. With a scream of delite Alice sprang from her seat and seized the taller man around the neck, crying, "Oh, Dad, is it really you? We thought you wer in Alaska!"

When Carryl recoverd herself enuf to understand what was going on she herd her father say, "Carryl, dear, this is your Uncl Ralph Travers, your mother's only brother, whom we thought ded long ago. I ran acros him in London and we agreed to surprize you yungsters. But insted, you hav surprized us."

In an instant Carryl and Alice understood and each exclaimd to the other, "Is it possibl? We ar cousins!"

Many explanations folloed, in which Alice and Tom lernd that their father, whom they had not herd from for a long time, had made a fortune in Alaska and had gone to Eng-

land on his way back to Borden. At a hotel in London he had met Mr. Este and together they had sailed for America, impatient to see their children.

That night as Carryl and her father made their way back to Borden Institute, Carryl cried out, "Dear, dear dad, wasn't it too lovely for it all to happen on Christmas day?"

And the father replied, "Indeed, it was, my Christmas Carryl!"

My Locket

G. A.

JUST a litl locket
With a curly lock of hair
And the smiling vision
Of my darling Lady Fair.

Just a litl locket—
But what it means to me!
My shrine, my precius talisman,
My comforter, all three.

Just a litl locket—
But when the day goes rong
A peep into my locket
Wil fil the day with song.

And tho you'l soon forget me,
Wil I forget you? Nay,
I'l keep you in my locket
Forever and for aye.

Cupid on Skates

Ruth Hudgins.

IT WAS REGULAR WINTER wether, the wind was bloing the sno about in whirls, but Elsie Underwood did not mind, as she walkt briskly down the steep hil on her way to the skating pond. In the distance could be herd the shouts and shrieks of lafter, as if the crowd alredy there wer having the time of their lives. A shout of welcome greeted her as she ran to the edge of the ice and stopt to put on her skates.

"Oh, girls, I've been having the worst time in the world. Just as I started that funny Miss Spencer came, and, of course, I had to wait until she left. When she did, you bet I flu and at last here I am. How's the skating, Lucy?"

"Just fine, and oh! don't you kno that Mr. Graham, who is visiting Catherine DeLong's brother for the holidays, is here. He's the best-looking man I ever saw, and the prettiest eyes! Just wait until you see him. She'l surely 'fall for' him, won't she, girls?" ended Lucy with a laf because it was a joke with the yung peple that altho Elsie never lakt a string of admirers, she never fel in love with any of them.

"You funny girl, Lucy. You ar always predicting I'm going to 'fall for' somebody. And I never do, so I'm beginning to dout that there is such a thing as love."

"You just wait, old girl; your time's coming, and when it does—"

"All right, you ar all invited to see the wonderful event come off. But come on, this isn't skating. By the way, which is the wonderful Dave Graham? Sho me quickly that I may kno my fate."

"I don't see him now. I gess the boys ar around the corner trying new stunts. Let's go see."

With that the girls started off, but before they had gone half way a voice called out:

"I say, Elsie. I think you might say 'howdy' to a fello."

Elsie frownd for an instant then turnd to meet Bob Pendleton.

"Why, hello, Bob. How's college this term? I didn't kno you had come home."

"That's easily explaind," said he, pasing over the first question. "Really, Elsie, you wer rather mean, I think, not to rite to me. You don't kno how I did mis you. Come on over on the other side of the pond and let's try the ice over there, won't you?"

"Thanks, but I'm enjoying this, and there—all of the others hav gone ahed of us. We'd better hurry and overtake them."

"Elsie, please wait a while. There something I want to ask you. Ever since last summer I've been hoping against hope that you might love me some time. And then after you stopt riting I determind I'd say no more; but now since I've seen you again the old love and longing for you has come back with renewd force. Can't you—"

"Bob, I'm sorry this should ever hav been repeated. I thought last summer I'd made it plain that I could never love you. Can't we just be good friends?"

"That's impossibl, Elsie. Heaven knos I would if I could. However, I'll go to scool again and try to leav you alone. Good-bye. I'm going up to Fred's tomorro and won't see you again."

"Oh, Bob, I'm so sorry!" said Elsie, holding out her hand to him.

"I believ you ar, Little Girl, and may you some day be happy in some other fello's love. You deserve it!"

With this Bob skated briskly to shore, leaving Elsie in the midl of the pond.

"Why couldn't I hav done as he wisht? He's always so nice to me and I love him as I would my brother," Elsie continud on, never looking where she was going until finally she found herself in an entirely deserted corner of the pond.

"Look out for that ice!" cald a clear, musical voice that thrild Elsie from hed to foot.

She came to herself with a start to find she was right in the midst of several air holes, and thereupon abruptly stopt. Of course the ice crackt and before she could think, it parted right beneath her feet. As she scrambleld wildly to get out of the water the ice continud to break off.

"Just keep your hed for a minute and try to keep floating. I'm coming to get you out," continud the same voice. She saw a tall, handsome fello catch a long plank and slide himself out where he soon had her out of the icy water.

Then rapping her up in his big fur coat, he caut her hands and made her skate vigorously.

By this time the crowd had gatherd, and as she lookt up into Dave's brown eyes as his hand claspt hers, she began to realize that the litl god, Cupid, had at last found her.

Aunt Celia and the Electric Light Line

“**C**OME HEAH, PINK, yo’ lazy good-fer-nuthin’ brat, an’ git dis heah baby ter sleep. Dar now, honey; don’ yo’ drap him, Pink. I wonders whar under de heben dem yung rap-scillions is dun gone ter, now? Lu-ou, o-oh Lou! Whar is yo’ll? Yo’ an’ Jo’n ’enry better be comin’ ter yer maw?”

Two small ragged urchins, black as tar, suddenly appeared around the corner of the cabin, and Aunt Celia proceeded to giv them instructions.

“Now, yawl jest git ter wuk an’ git some wood heah ter las’ an’ keep de fiah goin’ ontill yer paw gits home. Like’s not he won’t git heah fo’ hit’s pitch dark. Whar yo’ gwinter git it? Lis’en at dem chillum! Whar yo’ always gits it, in course. Jest yo’ gwan down yonder in Miss Willie’s woods an’ git some er dem long poles offen de bresh fence. An’ min’ yo’ don’ let Miss Willie’s dog ketch yo’, neider. Gwan now, while I goes crost de fiel’ ter Miss Willie’s sto’ an’ gits two cent wuth o’ ile ter put in de lantern for yo’ paw when ge gits home, an’ a po’k o’ flour fer yo’ brekfus’. Ef yawl gits er heap er wood I’ll git two cent wuth o’ bac’n an’ make some gravy fer yawl ter eat with yo’ co’n pone fer supper. Min’, yo’ hustl now; ef yer don’t yo’ won’ git none er tall!”

The boys, delited at the prospect of a supper of corn bread moistend with gravy, started on a run for the wood. Aunt Celia ambld sloly acros the field, grumbling to herself as she went. She was very careful to cut acros the field in such a way that she would hav to pas thru Mrs. Maxton’s small poultry yard at the back of the store. Satisfying herself that no one was in sight, she disappeared for a moment into the hen-house. She then made a wide circuit down acros the field to the main road, and so proceeded to the store. Near the store she saw a long pole lying on the ground beside a hole about five feet deep, and on past the store she saw other poles lying on the roadside at a distance of about thirty feet apart.

Mrs. Maxton was standing in the doorway with her crocheting in her hands. She crocheted when she was not waiting on customers, and sold the articles she made in the store. As Aunt Celia approacht, she laid her crocheting on a sho-case just inside the door preparatory to waiting on her customer.

"How do you do, Aunt Celia?"

"Howdy, Miss Willie; how is yo' dis ebenin'?"

"I am wery wel, I thank you, Aunt Celia. Is there something I can do for you this evening?"

"Yes'm, ef yo' please, ma'm. I wants two cent wuth o' ile, er po'k o' flour, an' three aig wuth o' bac'n. Is yo' got a bottle yo' cud put de ile in? I 'clar 'fo' grashus, I can't git 'nuf money ter buy me no ile can er tall."

As Mrs. Maxton was measuring the oil into the bottle: "Whut's dem white poles layin' out'n de road by dem holes in de groun' fer, Miss Willie? Fust thing I kno one er my chaps'l be buried erlive in one er dem holes. Dem air poles 'ud make mighty good fiah wood ef dey wuz just split up. What's dey fer, yo' say?"

"They ar going to be used by the new electric light company. They ar going to run an electric line from the island to town, and the wires ar going to be strung on these poles after they ar planted in the ground."

"How dey gwinter do all dat, Miss Willie?"

"Do what, Aunt Celia? Make the electricity, you mean? Why they ar going to build a power house at the island and manufacture it. They ar building a dam acros the river now, and the company is going to use the water out of the river to make electricity. I don't kno just how it is made tho, Aunt Celia."

"Lor, nebber min' 'bout how hit's dun, Miss Willie! Yo' says dey's gwinter ca'y hit ter town? Dat's er mighty long ways, hit seems ter me. 'Bout how fur is hit ter de islan', now?"

"About fourteen miles, I believ."

"An' how fur is hit ter town?"

"About nine miles."

"An' how fur is hit from de islan' ter town?"

"From the island to town? Let me see. About twenty-three miles, Aunt Celia."

"An' which is de fures', from heah ter de islan', er from herh ter town?"

"It's farther to the island—about five miles farther."

"I knoed it. An' how big is dem wires gwinter be? Seems lak ter me dey wud hab ter be menshus big ones."

"They ar going to use copper wire about as big as a twenty-penny nail. One of the workmen left a roll of it here yesterday, and askt me to keep it for him until next week."

"Lemme see hit, Miss Willie."

"Lordy, Miss Willie, dat ain't big ernuf fer nuthin'! Dey all's gwinter ca'y hit in tubs, hain't dey? An fo' dey gits thru ca'yin' all dat water ober dem leetle wires, dey'll war smack out, an' jes' 'bout de time one er dem big tubs gits erlong heah hit'll drap right down an' kill one er my chaps. I'se a-gwinter take all er my children an' go straight ter de mountins. I ain't a-gwinter run no sech resk. Why, purty soon, I wouldn' hab no chilluns lef', Miss Willie! Lordy, Lordy! Let me git home queek, an' see ef de ole man's dun come. Nebber min', Miss Willie," hastily gathering up her purchases, "nebbber min' 'bout dat. I ain't got no time ter lis'en. I know ef dey all makes er big dam crost de ribber, an' tries ter ca'y all day water ter town on dem leetle wires, dey's 'bleeged ter break smack in two. No'm, nothin' else. Jes' cha'ge de ile and flour, pleas'm."

The Christmas Eve Runaway

Katherine Pannill.

A RATHER grave-looking man was walking briskly down the street one Christmas morning, when he spied a familiar-looking dog folloing a very shabby-looking litl newsboy. At first he thought he would whistl for the dog, for he recognized it to be his own which had strayd away the afternoon before, but insted he cald the boy over acros the street, and after buying a paper, askt:

"What wil you take for your dog, my litl man?"

The boy seemd very much surprized.

"What'l I take for him," he repeated, "why, I wouldn't take a million dollars for him, sir, 'cause he's my litle fren' what Santa Claus brought me. Why Tags loves me better'n anybody since my mother died. No, siree! can't part with him."

Seeing a rather puzzld look on the man's face, the boy continued, "Oh, I couldn't hardly believ it either, mister, but there he is, sir, and that's proof enuf for me. You see, it was this way: Ever since my mother died, last winter, I've been a newsboy. Wel, yesterday, everybody was so busy, a-bustling aroun' with bundls and things for Christmas, that I couldn't sel a paper. That made me feel mighty bum, but what made me feel worse was that in them store windos was everything a feller'd want, and all I could do was stand out there and look at them! I couldn't stand it, sir; I just had to run away off by myself, and when I stopt I was out in the park, an' I tel you, I was pretty cold, but I laid down on the bench, and then the wind stopt bloing and I didn't kno what happend next til I herd somebody coming near me. First, I dreamd it was my mother come back, but when it came close it was old Santa Claus just like you see him drest up in the store windos, 'ceptin' he was real and live." Here he paused as if trying to remember. "He lookt at me just as fren'ly like, and then I never saw as many things as he began

taking out of that big sack he had on his back. You wouldn't 'er thought it, but he emptied them all out there for me. And then—then was when he took Tags out of the bottom of the bag and put him over on the bench by me. And then I huggd Tags right tight," giving the dog a squeez, "and I told Mr. Santa that there was so many fellers that wasn't goin' to get anything for Christmas and, as I had Tags, for him to take the toys to the other litl boys. I reckon he did, mister, for when I woke up they wer all gone and there was Tags on the bench by me and I had my arms aroun' him just like I did when Santa gave him to me in the dream so I know'd he had sure enuf brought him to me."

The man lookt rather tucht at the litl fello's innocence and faith in the good old Saint.

"Who do you belong to, litl boy," he askt kindly.

"Me, Oh! I don't belong to nobody at all since my mother died, nobody 'ceptin' Tags. You see, when mother died she made my father—oh, he wasn't my real father, you kno, mother married him after my father died, or went away or somethin'," he explaind. "Well, he promist to take care of me, but he didn't. He was mean and beat me and I ran away and got on the train and they made me get off here. Then Tim let me stay with him and sel papers. Now, Tags and me'll hav to hang together down at Tim's; you see we newsboys hav to give Tim 'most all we make for our keep. No, sir, we don't belong to nobody 'tall 'ceptin' ourselves."

The man smiled and laid his hand on the boy's hed. "You'r a brave laddie," he said, "indeed you ar." He patted him on the back and continud, "I used to hav a litl boy; I suppose he would hav been most as big as you ar by now; and my dog ran away the other day, so you see I'm a pretty lonely fello."

The boy lookt grievd. "Oh you don't mean your litl boy died? How awful! Wel, I b'liev Tags and me is fortunater than you, but I sure can symp'thize with you for I hav a tuf time too. I don't reckon I can let you hav Tags tho, but I'm sorry your dog rund away—and your litl boy died," he repeated sorrofully. "Was it be-

cause—" he paused thoughtfully, "because he didn't hav any mother to take care of him?"

The man lookt stern. "No," he anserd harshly, "she took him away from me—I don't kno where!" His eyes fld with tears. The boy put his hand to his throat to keep back the sob of sympathy. As he did so his collar came open, revealing a very peculiar looking chain around his neck. The man saw it and stood staring. He stil stared. He thought of a Christmas long ago when he gave his bride a chain like the one on the boy's neck. Then the hated memories rusht before him of the terribl misunderstandings and finally the divorce court; then he had gone West and was lost to all his frends back home, for he wisht to forget it all. He had come back, not to his home town but to another, where he would liv unknown.

"Boy!" he exclaimd at last, "where did you get that chain?" He shook the boy's shoulder rufly. "Where? Tell me where!" he demanded. Tags growld. The newsboy shook off the grasp.

"It was my mother's," he anserd, frightend.

The man seemd stund. He lookt at the chain more closely. Yes, it was the same.

"Who are you?" demanded the man eagerly.

The boy anserd proudly, "Bobby Burwell."

His face softend and tears came in his eyes. He stoopt down and put his arms around the litl waif. "My son, my own lost son," he sobbd, and huggd Bobby til he was frightend. Then he understood he was the litl lost boy.

The Christmas eve runaway pup lookt wise as if he knew what he had brought about and waggd his stubby tail approvingly for he fancied he caut a whif of a big Christmas dinner in store for them in celebration of the finding of the lost ones.

Heirs of the Ages

E. W. White

AGE of Ages, formd by Time,
Woven, molded, polisht, turnd,
All the welth by art designd,
All the lore of scolar lernd,

What the brain of genius found,
Wonders by mechanic's hand,
Electric forces, waves of sound,
Conquerd air on sea and land.

Such material formd this Age,
Wove the fabric, turnd the stone,
Song of bard and theme of sage
Molded, polisht what was known.

Ages of Ages, rought by Time,
Finisht product of the years,
What a heritage sublime—
Heirs of Ages, it appears!

The Battlefield

E. W. White

DESTRUCTION of life,
Hartrending moans,
From the noise of strife,
A million groans,
Destruction of life,
Reckless bloodshed:
Stil to the strife
Fresh troops ar led.

Destruction of life,
Armies in vain
Aid in the strife,
Suffer torture and pain;
Fields ar made gory
With life's blood stain,
And all to gain glory,
Prestige and fame.

The Dead

Emma White

DO the ded, the helpless ded,
Need the living's tears of grief?
No, for pain
By them is ever
Laid aside;
For the slain
Will rest forever,
They who died
Wil sleep on ever.

Social Ideals in Literature

Ellen Goodwin

PERHAPS THE SOCIAL ideal is thought of less often than any of the other ideals which literature contains. It seems to me, however, that this one should claim especial attention in the first years of high school, for it is then that the social instinct is stronger than at any other period in a child's life. It is at this time that "manners" and the forms and rules of etiquette begin to play a large part in the child's attention. This is the time when the child takes violent likings to certain people—oftentimes the teacher. Every look, every word from this person is eagerly sought after and treasured, and the person really becomes a kind of ideal to the child.

When the child's nature begins to develop in this direction is the time for him to make his social ideal. At this time girls often seem to be appealed to more by the "butterfly type" of society than by the social service type. There is where the teacher of literature has an opportunity to direct the child toward a better ideal. Literature furnishes a large field of material for this—much more, in fact, than any teacher would ever have time to use. We find such characters, who are good examples of workers for the love of their fellow beings, as Alice Freeman Palmer, Joan of Arc, King Arthur, Abraham Lincoln, David (from the Bible), and, the greatest of all, the Great Model of unselfish service to humanity, Christ.

Mr. Tylor, in *Growth and Education*, says that the only kind of religion that will appeal to a child at this age is one of vitality, strength, and endurance. All ideals must appeal to him by means of these qualities or some others. He must admire the ideal before he will adopt it. Some one else says, "Character cannot be taught but is infectious." Therefore, the teacher must saturate the pupil's mind with admiration for these characters, and leave the imitation for him to do of his own free will.

As character is infectious and the teacher's influence plays such a part in the pupil's life, she should take care that her personality is worth the passionate heroine worship of this period. She must be sympathetic, enduring, and capable of directing the child's tastes in the right way. There are few, if any, teachers who can teach a single lesson without putting some personality into it.

As to the "manners" which give the pupil so much thought, it should be the duty of the teacher to show that they are only the outward signs of what lies within, and therefore to have good manners the character beneath should be good. At any rate if the social ideal of service predominates in the pupil's life the manners will take care of themselves.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ **Sketches** ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

GOSTS!

"Oh, here comes Mrs. H——; turn out the light, quick!" I had no more than said this than there was a gentl tap of a pencil on the door.

"Girls, it's time to be quiet now; you must go to bed."

But we, with one jump, had got safely in bed and by that time wer quiet. After the last sound of her footsteps was herd far down the hall, we began to realize what utter darkness we wer in. The only sign of a light was a white shadowy figure playing on the side of the wall.

I became interested in this shado and began to watch it. It grew suddenly larger and of a queer shape. What in our room could make such an appearance on the wall? Surely there must be some unknown person present.

Sloly, there came a lo and indefinite sound from one corner of the room, and certainly a mere shado could make no noise like that. I breathlessly waited, while white figures danct to and fro. Minutes, hours past. Slo, stedy footsteps seemd to approach, then a cracking and ripping sound.

All became silent as deth—what was it that broke this spel? Some one began to stedily shake the windo, as if demanding an entrance. Yes, now it had enterd and was passing along the wall directly toward me. The clock itself was ticking so fast that it seemd to be running from these objects. I endevord to rise, for I felt that I must get out of the room, but another light step and a lo, grating sound came to my ears. I became colder and colder, I could not move.

It was terrifying! I could not utter a sound! But my room-mates wer equally silent. Could it be possibl they herd these sounds? Why had a Senior just today told us

of a girl who had died two years before in that very room? Of course, I did not believe in ghosts, but tonight we seemed to be living in a different atmosphere. Surely, something would happen soon.

The door began to open; a ghostly figure clad in white stood there.

"Girls, I came in to see if you didn't want some popcorn to eat," Miss. S—— said.

As she turned on the light, a huge rat ran across the floor, over a loose board, and there behind him was a roll, hard and dry, which he had dragged out of the waste-paper basket and had been trying to eat. On the outside of our window the leaves of the trees swayed to and fro, while two men were slowly walking by the lamp-post beneath.

—*Mozelle Braden.*

A SKETCH

Light bells had rung, and Mrs. Harris had started on her nightly journey to see if the girls had turned out their lights and were in bed. As she passed down the hall she heard a commotion in number 232. She tapped on the door with her pencil and walked in.

"Sarah! Sarah! what are you doing up this time of night?"

"Oh, Mrs. Harris, I am going to get in the bed right this minute," replied Sarah excitedly.

"Sarah, what are you doing anyway?"

"Why, Mrs. Harris, I was just getting ready to hop in bed when you caught me."

Mrs. Harris went to the light, turned it on and found Sarah with a lemon in her hand.

"Now, Mrs. Harris, I'll have to confess I was putting lemon juice on my face."

Mrs. Harris turned, and walking out said disgustedly, "I don't wonder that you did not tell me what you were doing."

—*Jessie Dugger.*

THE FOCUS

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

CONCERNING THE FOCUS

As you see from the cover we have combined the material for the two months November and December in this issue. We are indeed sorry that you have not received your November number before, but it seems that we could do no better. You see about half of the staff did not return this year, then our editor-in-chief resigned, and that made another vacancy. We were compelled to wait for a long time to get the new nominations for the staff. During that time the few old members left were unable to collect and revise the material, so there was so much to be done. This is the real cause of the delay in the November issue.

Now, you have the new officers and the old, too, ready and willing to make *The Focus* just what you want it to be. We are here to revise and arrange the material that you hand in, and to manage the business part. It isn't just fun either, but takes time and thought and hard work. Still, we are willing to do it. We are here for your service. *Please use us.*

More girls should be subscribing; more girls should be contributing; and we should have more co-operation from the

hole student body. We want *The Focus* to be a real true representation of the literary ability of the school. We know that at present it is not and you know that it is not. We are willing to do our part towards improving it. Are you?

We have heard several hard knocks against the magazine coming from the girls recently, and we feel that they are hardly just. They, as a rule, come from the girls who do the least for it. We find girls like this in connection with every school activity. The ones who criticize most harshly are the ones that have not a live interest in doing for and making that activity better. If you only knew how few girls do write for *The Focus*! You say you don't have time? Well, you have time to do almost everything that you really want to do. So, if you really want *The Focus* to be a good magazine, you will sit down and take the time to write out some of the "perfectly good" ideas that you have, and hand them in.

Girls, we like to work for *The Focus*. Through working for it we have become interested and ambitious, wanting it to be a much better magazine. So we want to stir within you the same desire and get from you more co-operation and help. Will you give it?

THE ANNUAL

Already we see that the annual officers are "on their jobs." They have gotten the Senior pictures taken in such a hurry that the Seniors, at least, will tell you that they really do mean business. We, all of us, are with them in wishing to make our annual for 1916 the best yet! *It's just got to be.* And so, realizing that, we well know that it's up to us, in co-operation with the staff, to make it so.

There are several ways in which we can co-operate with the staff—by being on time at picture appointments, by seeing that the pictures for our organizations are attractive and original, and by seeing that our organizations' representation satisfies us—if so they will satisfy others. Let's give them our co-operation and help to make our annual a howling success.



* * * * Exchanges * * * *

In *The William and Mary Magazine* we see possibilities of remarkable talent both in poetry and prose. "The Clouds" is a beautifully expressed poem, and your other poems, also, deserve to be mentioned. We think that your literary department is not as good as usual. You have a great many articles, but most of these might have been longer, which would have raised the standard of all the magazine. In the "Woman's Romance" the author has a good plot, and it is well worked out. The comparison of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" and Tennyson's "Lament over the Death of Wellington" is indeed good. Good comparisons are difficult to write and a person who can write one successfully certainly deserves praise.

The first thing we notice about *The Blue and Gold* is its very attractive cover. You are to be congratulated upon your taste. Your stories are very weak; you haven't an article that is really worth while. We are sure that you have good material in your college, and that it will improve with time. After all, there are a great many magazines that have been in existence for years and are not as good as yours. We are always glad to work for something higher, however, and we would advise that you have some good essays, book reviews, and longer stories. We entirely agree with your editor when he says that the staff can work better with the co-operation of the whole student body, and that no student has a right to say anything detrimental to the paper until he has done what he can to make the magazine what it should be. This is a serious fault with which we all have to contend. A magazine depends not only upon the staff, but upon the entire student body for its success.

It is a difficult thing to make a debate interesting reading. Too often it presents a mere bundle of facts hammered into a

conclusion. However, the essay on the Monroe Doctrine in *The Furman Echo* has overcome this difficulty and is very interesting, both from the material it contains and the pleasing style in which it is presented. There are also a number of interesting stories, two of which might even be called hair-raising. "A Thanksgiving Prayer" is a good poem. The thought, possibly best expressed in the closing lines—

"I offer thanks before Thy throne,
O Lord, that thou hast given earth love,"

is a very beautiful and suggestive one. We think your policy of offering a medal for the best writer a good one, certain to improve your literary department.

The St. Mary's Muse may have good material in its October number; we do not know, for its very bad arrangement makes it difficult for us to judge. Why give your Resident Student List so prominent a place as the fifth page? Would it not be better in the back of the magazine where it could not spoil the arrangement of your literary department? The same might be said of the report of the Alumni Meeting. You need more literary work. Stories and essays are conspicuous by their absence. However, the work you do have is of very good quality.

The Sweet Briar Magazine is one which we all enjoy reading. The material is well organized and well arranged, and the November issue contains some excellent work. Of the three stories, "The Old Order Changeth" is possibly the best. However, both "A Coincidence" and "The Part of a Man" deserve mention for their conciseness and unity. The essay on the "Provincialism of Henry James, William Dean Howells, and Mark Twain" is one of the best we have read this month. It is an admirable defense of the charge of provincialism in American writers. We agree with her when she says: "If it is provincialism, then is the literature of the Greeks, then are the books of the Old Testament provincial. These express extreme localisms combined with the universal spirit that makes them great world books."

✱ ✱ ✱ Here and There ✱ ✱ ✱

The Dramatic Club gave a delightful presentation of "Heartsease" on Friday evening, December 3, 1915, in the auditorium, before a large and appreciative audience. The parts were exceptionally well rendered; and the lovely colonial costumes added a great deal of beauty to the setting. Several out of town visitors were present. Every one enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Eric Temple, a young musician	Mattie Love Doyne
Captain O'Hara, his friend	Pauline Bloxton
Lord Neville	Eugenia Lundie
Sir Geoffrey Pomfret, a distant relative of Lord Neville	Dorsey Dodd
Major Twombly, his friend	Josie Guy
Mr. Padbury, a city broker	Elsie Bagby
Mons. Darville, an impresario	Mary Ellen White
Doxton	Lucile Shepherd
Quigg	Jessie Kellam
Margaret Neville, Lord Neville's daughter . .	Myrtle Parker
Lady Neville, her step-mother	Josephine Daniel
Alice Temple, Eric's sister	Willie Harris
Lady O'Hara, Captain O'Hara's aunt	Alice Smith

Dr. Millidge gave a striking address to the student body in chapel Monday morning on the "Balkan Situation" in the European War.

We were delighted to have back with us during the Thanksgiving holiday the following old girls: Misses Christine MacKan, Sallie Perkins, Emma Jesser, Marion Johnson, Myrtle Heath, Mildred Moore, Sadye Lipkin, Margaret Archambault, Lizzie Ewald, Sallie Johnson, Gertrude Turnbull, Elizabeth Haynes, Helen Wimbish, and Sadie Upson.

Alas! Thanksgiving was a dark day for the Seniors, for the Juniors "put it all over them" at basketball on that eventful day.

On Wednesday, December 8, 1915, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Dewitt E. Croissan, Southern Field Agent of the Simplified Spelling Board, give an interesting lecture on the History of English Spelling.

The following new members have been taken into the Literary and Debating Societies this fall:

Argus Literary Society—Ruth E. Cooke, Ruth R. Cooke, Gill Walker, Mozelle Braiden, Georgie Robles, Gladys Canter, Sallie Wilkins, Agnes Miles, Edith Miles, Catherine Middleton, Ethel Serfice, Margaret Butler, Mary Ellen White, Geraldine Wallace, LeClaire King, Dorothy McCraw, Elizabeth Harris, Katie Edmunds, Minnie Caplan.

Athenian Literary Society—Pattie Buford, Helen Cahill, Lucile Colton, Dorsey Dodd, Judith Fenner, Ruth Fudge, Ida Lee Gray, Julia Holt, Mary Rice Hutchins, Elizabeth Lake, Rose Main, Bird Michaux, Sadie Owen, Dorothy Truitt, Miriam Whitehead, Thelma Wills, Mattie Zimmerman.

Cunningham Literary Society—Anne Bosworth, Lucile Acis, Catherine Chamberlain, Elvira Macklin, Sallie Rawlins, Blanche Jones, Josephine Daniel, Gladys Duncan, Hattie Robertson, Bobbie Lockridge, Arline Cole, Francis Moomaw, Adelle Reese, Eugenia Londie, Laura Meredith, Kate Woolridge, Catherine Shield.

Pierian Literary Society—Mabel Barnes, Margaret Sinclair, Florence Smith, Mary Pendleton, Hattie Woolridge, Elsie Bagby, Janette Peeke, Sue Ayers, Lillian Obershein, Louise Owens, Carrie Cowherd, Janette Carney, Virginia Darden, Grace Bonney, Carlie Stephens, Helen Coverston, Jonnie Hiner, Gwendolyn Jackson, Laura Rice, Virginia Mayo, Louise Vaiden.

Jefferson Debating Society—Catherine Armstrong, Ida Barnhart, Ethel Bland, Mattie Clark, Matilda Clark, Eddie

Capps, Catherine Cover, Gertrude Dolen, Gladys Duncan, Marie Edmunds, Sudie Greenwood, Hazel Heatwole, Conway Howard, Julia Key, Elizabeth Malcolm, Ava Marshall, Elizabeth Morris, Louise Morris, Agnes Murphy, Ruth Reynolds, Hattie Robinson, Mary Sayars, Mary Thompson, Janie Slaughter, Mary Tidwell, Verna Marshall.

* * * * **Hit or Miss** * * * *

O-U-G-H

I'm taught p-l-o-u-g-h
 Shall be pronounced "plow."
 "Zat's easy when you know," I say,
 "Mon Englais I'll get *through*."

My teacher says zat in zat case
 O-u-g-h is "oo."
 And zen I laugh, and say to him,
 "Zees Englais makes me *cough*."

He says "Not *coo*, but in zat word
 O-u-g-h is 'off'."
 Oh, sacre bleue! Such varied sounds
 Of words make me *hiccough*!"

He says, "Again mon friend ees wrong—
 O-u-g-h is 'up'
 In *hiccough*." Zen I say, "No more!
 You make my throat feel *rough*."

"Non, non," he cry, "you are not right—
 O-u-g-h is 'uff'."
 I say, "I try to speak your words,
 I can't pronounce them, *though*."

In time you'll learn, but now you're wrong—
 O-u-g-h is 'owe'.
 "I'll try no more, I shall go mad—
 I'll drown me in ze *lough*!"

"But ere you drown yourself," said he,
 "O-u-g-h is 'och'."

He taught me no more. I hold him fast
 And killed him wiz a *rough*. —*Exchange*.

WHEN A SENIOR IS TARDY TO CLAS

Whan tha bell had long ago y-ronge
And all the pupils to their clas y-gonne,
A weary Senior tho with bated breeth
Ran in the building afeared as tho of deeth,
And up the winding halls her way did wende.
Ere at the room, she thought her journey'd ende,
But natheless it befel as wol I tell.
And if ye listen ye can lern richt weele.
That if a girl be tardy come to schole
Then must she suffer, for she brake the rule
For in the room, awaiting for his preye
There crouched the teacher, angry with dismaye,
Than sprang he out and bade her hold her hande
While he thereon some sturdy strokes did lande.
And whan he'd done with her as he thou't beste,
Than sent her to the principal for the reste,
So, quaking and yet brethless, she turned her hense,
Adown the halls her weary way commense
To tell you what her thou'ts were, can I nicht;
But this I ken, and ken it welle and richt.
Whan to the door of the office she bente
Her face was white as if her ghost there wente,
And she was nicht at alle; but for to telle
Of what in that office there befelle
'Twould take a mightier man than I to say
For she came nicht out until the nexte day,
And ere they let her out she muste swere
To be on time to class the whole year.

HERD IN CHEMISTRY CLAS

"What is table salt?"

"Na Cl, of course."

"But what is Na Cl?"

"Oh! I kno how to make it. You just put sulphuric acid and blue litmus paper together and boil it over a Bunsen burner, and then taste it."

A HUMAN CHOICE

A conscientious Sunday school teacher had been endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the ultimate triumph over beauty. At the close of a story in which she flattered herself that this point had been well established, she turned confidently to a ten-year-old pupil and inquired: "And now, Alice, which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice, after a moment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."—*Lippincott's*.

FIXED

"Has Dinny got a stiddy job yet, Mrs. Mulcahey?" asked Mrs. Brannigan.

"He has that," said Mrs. Mulcahey. "They've sint him to the penitinchery for twenty years."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THREE TELEGRAMS

I

Blue Haven, December 3.

William J. Banks, New York:

Please send me \$500 at once.

Tom.

II

New York, December 4.

Thomas Banks, Yale College, Blue Haven:

You must economize. Send your bills.

Father.

III

Blue Haven, December 5.

William J. Banks, New York:

All right. Am economizing. Have forwarded bills by freight. Cheaper than express. Love to mother.

Tom.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

"I see they have stopped kissing at railway stations in France, because it delays the trains."

"Um. When it comes to kissing one's best girl good-by, what is a railway system anyway?" —*Life*.

A-a M-r-a-ll—"Julia, you hav some Irish blood in your veins, havn't you?"

Julia—"I don't kno—Oh, yes, of course I hav. The first Presbyterians wer Scotch-Irish, and I'm a Presbyterian."

ATTENDING TO BUSINESS

Missionary—"Why do you look at me so intently?"

Cannibal—"I am the food inspector."

PSYCHOLOGY CLAS

Mr. S. (describing the eye)—"The retina is fild with a kind of liqud—"

Miss E.—"Is that tears?"

AT A GEOGRAPHY TEST

Girl—"Dr. Millidge, does spelling count off much? Suppose I spel *sun* s-o-n?"

Dr. M.—"Then the next thing you'l do wil be to spel moon d-a-u-g-h-t-e-r."

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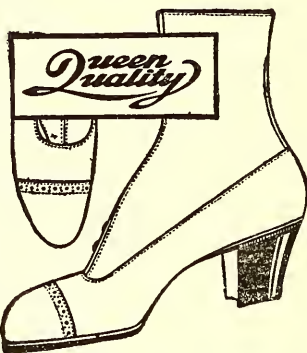
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